

R. Edgren's COLUMN



No Other Athletes Go Through Such a Long Grind for Such a Brief Struggle for Glory as Do College Oarsmen.

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IMAGINE training a year for a contest that will last a little over twenty minutes!

That's what the college oarsmen do in preparation for the annual regatta on the Hudson or on the Thames. No other athletes in the world, amateur or professional, go through such a long grind for such a brief struggle for glory.

The college varsity candidate is never entirely out of training. He works through the summer to strengthen his muscles and gain power for next year's race. In the fall he rows and runs. When winter closes down and it becomes too cold to work out of doors he goes through a long grind of gymnasium work, sometimes including rowing exercises in a rowed over tank. As soon as the ice clears away and there is enough open water to drive a boat through without danger of smashing it he is sent out to row again, to row interminably, to row miles and miles without even a lone spectator to cheer him up. This is pure grind. A man who goes through it without losing enthusiasm is a saint. Later in the spring comes more and more rowing, under the daily direction of the coach, who gradually whips his crew candidates into something approaching regatta form. There are a few races against other college crews, regarded merely as tests.

Two or three weeks before the great race of the year the crew men are sent to their final training quarters at the course. Whether it's at Poughkeepsie, Red Bank or some other rowing rendezvous, they lead a lonely life. No excitement is allowed. Nothing is to take their minds off the task before them. Sometimes they have studies to finish, and certain limited study hours. They get up at daylight and go for a long walk with the coach. The training table meals, carefully selected. They rest a certain length of time after each meal, take their walks or runs at certain hours, see few visitors, spend a certain amount of time on the water, where the coaches drill and drill until every man is as near perfect in action as his intelligence and his physical attributes will let him become. At a set hour, very early in the evening, every man is sent to bed, and he must go. There is no questioning the coach's orders, and no oarsman ever thinks of questioning them.

On the day of the big race every man is supposed to be on edge, determined to give his one greatest possible effort to win. There is a long dragged-out morning—a dragging afternoon. At last the crews are called out. The boats are at the starting stakes. The referee's call, "Are you ready, Columbia! Are you ready, Cornell!" echoes over the water. The puff of smoke from the starter's gun leaps out spitefully, and before the report reaches the waiting oarsmen every long sweep is bent like a bow in the first smashing drive.

For a year, energy, skill, determination have all been bottled up. And now the bottle is upturned and the year's gathering is being lavishly poured out again.

Twenty-one minutes or so—and the pouring is over. In that frantic interval that glorious physical and mental effort—the year's work is justified—or lost.

And after that—for those who are still eligible for the crew—comes another year.

"SAY," said the Tin-eared Sport, "did ya see the mysterious sweat somebody handed the Welsh-Leonard bout? That was a funny one, eh? Gibson talks about matching Leonard with Dundee. Jimmy Johnston meets Gibson and says:

"Hello, Gib. Say, there ain't nothin' doin' with the Scotch-Wop. I tore up th' contracts. Gib sees Welsh's manager and they fix up a match. Then Johnston butts in an' notifies Gib that he's got Dundee feedin' out of his hand again, an' the match with Dundee is for Monday night. Gib says he never signed no scrap of paper nor nothing, and there ain't no match. 'Why,' says Gib, 'you said you tore up the contracts. I know,' says Johnston, 'but what's a contract between friends?'

"Come down to th' Commish," says the Boy Handit, 'an' see what Freddy Wenck has to say about it. 'They go to the Commish office. Wenck listens to the evidence as spied out by Johnston, looks wise, an' decides that as Gib has talked with the Boy Handit he needs a writ of habeas corpus to keep out of the booby hatch, and that when Johnston tore up the contracts he only destroyed the paper an' not the intent thereof. 'It's a oriel contract,' says Wenck, 'fattenin' Gib with some of that legal lingo he learned rummin' the Yale Law School football team. 'So Leonard has to fight Dundee. Meanwhile, Freddy an' his manager gets wise to a chance for an out, and they notify Gibson that Welsh and Leonard never was matched, an' Gib can take Leonard and paint him pink for all Welsh cares."

"Did Gibson have Welsh and the promoters tied up with a written contract?" asked the Tin-eared Sport. "Six on that stuff," he replied. "They had one of them oriel contracts made in the presence of the Commish."

"Then won't the Commission decide that the match will have to go on—like the Leonard-Dundee affair?" "You can search me," said the Tin-eared Sport. "I've quit makin' any future book on the Commish."

Wolcott Loses Bout on Pool. ST. LOUIS, June 14.—Frankie Russell of New Orleans was given a decision in last night's bout with Al Wolcott of Cadillac, Mich., on a foul in the fourth round. The champion hit Russell low, but the first time the referee was not in a position to see it. When Russell got up Wolcott fought wildly and again landed low and the decision in favor of Russell followed.

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BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

COLLEGE OARSMEN WORK A YEAR FOR 21 MINUTES' RACING

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DAILY REVIEW OF BIG LEAGUE RACES

Just as Well That Cubs Leave Polo Grounds After To-Day's Game With Giants

In Two Days of Sharpshooting Tinker's Men Have Made Thirty-Five Hits, and Inch by Inch They're Wiping Out Distance Between Them and New York Club.

By Bozeman Bulger.

IT may have been the promotion of the one-time warlike Zimmerman to the dignified rank of captain, or it may have been the cleaning out of old-timers to give Young America a chance, but the fact remains that the Cubs have eaten ravenously of some hitting powder, and inch by inch they are wiping out the distance between them and the Giants. In two days of sharpshooting at the Polo Grounds that gang of Tinker's has waded into Giant pitchers—and the best, too—for thirty-five clean wallops, enough to have lasted them a fortnight earlier in the season.

No fault could be found with the pitching of either Benton or Stroud. The fast ball came over with a hop and the curve broke as nicely as one could ask. In other words, it was exactly the same kind of pitching that made the Cubs take to the tall that night a month ago. At the Polo Grounds, though, they could hit anything. The same balls that fooled them before were like picking cherries yesterday. The Cubs have simply started on a hitting tear, and at present, there is nothing in sight to stop them. It is just as well for the Giants that they go away from here to-night.

Though fandom may not have known it, Christy Mathewson, playing the role of Old Marster, pitched a full game while the Cubs were in action, but the best he got out of it was the exercise and an occasional commendation from the bleacherites on the right field side of the stand. When Benton began to wobble Big Six started warming up, and kept right on until Ralph Stroud relieved the left-hander. Immediately a few potshots crippled Ralph, and the Old Marster, without much ado, resumed his practice. On through the afternoon he pitched and still he got no chance. Finally, when Schuppe came in to twirl the last round, Big Six packed up his tools and called it a day.

"Yes, and the worst of it," said Matty last night, "is that I had everything out there. But, you know," he added whimsically, "there are some golfers who can drive wonderfully at dandelions, but fall down when it comes to smashing the ball off the tee."

Just one play took the heart out of the Giants, and but for that the players believe they would have had a chance despite the slugging of the Cubs. In the fourth inning New York had one run in and runners on second and third with two out. A single would have tied the score, and Bill Rariden made a single—only it did not count. Bill chopped a scorching between first and second, and the fans were proclaiming the two runs when McCarthy

took a dive into right field, fell on the ball and scrambled to his feet in time to get Rariden at first. It was one of the most spectacular plays of the year. Mind you, that boy McCarthy is the young fellow who has been kept on the bench until now to give old Steve Yerkes a chance.

Ralph Stroud and the Giant board of strategy were soundly rebuked for walking Vic Bauer and purposely filling the bases so as to get Jimmy Archer. The rebuke was Jimmy's long wallop to center that scored two runs and broke up the game.

Anyway, the Giants have a little satisfaction in knowing that in one inning the Cubs had to make five clean hits to the outfield to score one run.

Indications point to ten starters in the Excelsior Handicap, the classic which will feature the reopening of Jamaica. The Finn, with 124 pounds, carries top weight. F. E. Rose's Sand Marsh, winner of the Pennmonk Handicap, will make his debut over the mile and sixteenth route and will carry 109 pounds. Roly's impost will be 111 pounds, having picked up five pounds by his victory in the Quogue Handicap yesterday. Other starters will be Sharpshooter, Flying Fairy, Benevolent, Half Rock, Chickie, Celandria and Grumpy.

Roamer is being slowly pointed to the Brooklyn Handicap, which will be the big attraction at the opening of Aqueduct. Jack Goldborough gave him his first workout since his return from Latonia and he breezed a mile in 1:47.

The finish of the steepchase yesterday was unusual. Welsh King, the favorite, being the only one of the five starters to cover the course. Three horses fell and one refused.

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PUTTING 'EM OVER With "Bugs" Baer

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RADIO RUDOLPH SAYS

"WILBERT ROBINSON Is Prepared to Put Up a Stout Resistance."

T. Roosevelt is like the man who just had three strikes curved over on him. He didn't run either.

Magistrate took finger prints of three kids after playing baseball. If they are found guilty of robbing ball players there are quite a few managers who could sue 'em.

Promoters will insure Moran-Dillon fight for \$100,000 against rain. He nice if they could only insure it against complimentary pass moochers.

Germany Schaefer suggests that the promoters of the Moran-Dillon fight also insure it against two out, sand storms, icebergs, boll weevils and submarines.

Anybody who saw Molla Bursatelli win the woman's national lawn tennis title wondered what she was practicing for.

About time for Clark Griffith to start his 1917 spring drive.

Jess Willard is world's champion in singles, but it looks as if the doubles go to Langford and McVey.

ATHLETIC AILMENTS. BALL PLAYER'S DOME—Otherwise known as charleyhorse of the head and is superinduced by pulling a ligament under the scalp. The sufferer is apt to snare second base with three on, boot a grounder for a field goal or raise a sacrifice fly with two out. When the victim pulls a bone his crown shrinks to a mustard seed, but when he drags off a star player you could get a bet on it being in a garage. About the only cure is decapitation.

Singles are pretty soft for Molla Bursatelli, but she has it tougher in doubles, where she has to play THREE people.

Judge Landis has finally handed down his famous delayed decision. The learned counsel says there isn't a thing in the Constitution of the U. S. compelling the Giants to act like bloomers on the Polo Grounds.

If the Indians keep on their recent safe close, they are prepared to sign an unmade and loose Fourth.

As soon as the Poughkeepsie regatta is over all the coaches will

claim that they have only eleven months, twenty-nine days, and six minutes to train for the 1917 affair.

An oarsman's oaring all the time. He oars and oars and oars. And while he oars, the coarsened roars and roars and roars and roars.

A coxswain can get more exercise from the neck up than any bird we ever saw.

Another Judge rules that five men constitute an army. It certainly is if they are all lined up at the pass gate.

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